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POOR TOM.



MOURNFULLY the tone rang through the air; then its musical cadence gently died away till all was still.

No, all was not still; for a bird was singing without, and the light breath of summer came floating into the room where I lay, and bore its tremulous song to my ear. I arose and looked through the casement into the litted porch. The geranium, the rosebush, the vine, and the honeysuckle spreading out their tender leaves, obstructed the view, but nevertheless left room for a glimpse into a pleasant garden where the flowers were smiling, how peaceful. After all, is not this a happy world?

Toll! toll!

A group of idlers were standing in the corner of the street, when recently there came into view a slow procession. Reader, will you, for your father, or your brother, or

your son ever lead such a procession?

"Poor Tom!" said one of the company on the sidewalk. The speaker was plump and ruddy, with a heavy gold fob-chain, and an embroidered cravat, daintily tied around his broad neck.

"Poor Tom! he was a good, clever fellow when he wasn't drunk. My Sam was out at the house this morning, and went in and took a look at the corpse. He says an old woman was standing at the head of the lounge when he lifted up the coverlid from Tom's face. She looked fearfully solemn, and when Sam laid back the coverlid, she took hold of his hand and said, 'Poor Tom is gone;' and then the tears came trickling down her face, and she cried as though she would break her heart. Boys, you know Tom was mighty good to his servants when he was sober, but he was like a very devil when he was drunk!"

A man who was passing by paused on hearing these words, and said to the speaker, "Mr. Jones, I believe he died from the effects of liquor, did he not?" "So I'm told," was the reply. "Well, did you sell him the liquor?" "What if I did? If I hadn't, some body else